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Our National Army Is a Polyglot Organization.

FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE

Anecdotes Illustrating How Sons of Many Nations Take to Soldier's Life in the United States Army—Large Part of Time Taken Up in Saluting—Calling Out the Guard for the Commanding Officer.

Every person who has written ten words about our National army has commented on its polyglot complexion, its sons of many nations, its children of two hemispheres and other smooth sounding phrases. Its men also have been drawn from all walks of life, some of which are conducive to anything except fighting, writes Junius B. Wood in the Chicago News.

One night a general staff officer was inspecting the dark trenches in the American sector northwest of Toul. Earlier in the evening there had been a brush with the enemy, machine-guns still were popping and everybody was straining his eyes out over No Man's Land hoping for some shadowy form to shoot at. The officer was almost upon a soldier before the latter turned and mildly whispered "Halt!"

"Keep a watch here and don't let anybody get as close as I am before you halt him," said the officer. "A Hun might have your rifle before you know what was happening."

By this time the soldier was speechless. The officer started to put him at ease, now that the man was properly on the alert.

"Where did you come from?" asked the officer.

"San Francisco, sir," replied the soldier.

"I know that city well. Where did you live?" the officer queried.

By this time the man was at his ease and launched into a description of the surroundings of Golden Gate avenue and Kearney street.

"And what was your business there?" asked the other native son. "Ladies' dressmaker, sir," replied the soldier.

It is a big transition from an adept in gently sticking pins so as not to spoil a fussy lady's fitting to a ferocious charger jabbing a bayonet through a man's body, but it had been made in a few weeks.

The Question of Salutes.

A large part of a soldier's life is taken up in saluting. He must salute every officer he meets. Usually the officer's susceptibility to salutes varies in inverse geometrical ratio to the length of his commission. A "bawling out" prompt and severe may be expected if he neglects to salute a "shave tail" lieutenant, especially if he is in the medical corps. They say in the army that a medical corps officer may forget his pills, his bandages and his instruments, but he never forgets his "three S's"—sword, spurs and salutes. An older officer's arm usually aches with years of saluting and he is not looking for them. However, it often happens that a soldier who can recognize a major a block away has such poor eyesight that he does not see a lieutenant when he passes him on the street.

But all these petty evasions of discipline vanish when the soldier is on duty. There he is away from the hurly-burly of the street and all is strict business. Officers are fewer and he salutes them all. If he is on guard he clicks his heels together and brings his rifle to attention, holding it there until the salute is acknowledged. Incidentally the saluting requirement is not all on one side. If an officer fails to return a soldier's salute the latter has a right to call his attention to the oversight and regulations require that the officer retrace his steps and give the salute.

A well-meaning soldier, inclined to be absent-minded about saluting, was on guard in front of a regimental headquarters one day. The officer of the day, particularly anxious to have a trim, military appearance, gave him a personal warning.

"Now don't let anybody get past you without saluting them," said the officer.

The soldier paced back and forth, saluting occasionally. Suddenly he noticed that the colonel had walked past him. He had not saluted.

"Here, here, wait a minute," shouted the excited soldier.

The surprised colonel turned around. His thoughts had been on so many other things that he had not noticed the sentry, much less the failure to salute. Nervously the "dough-boy" clicked his heels together, brought the rifle to an exact perpendicular in front of his nose and completed his idea of his duty by dismissing the amazed colonel with:

"Now you may pass, sir!"

Calling Out the Guard.

One day a high ranking commanding officer was inspecting a division training area. The sharpness of his eyes was a byword in the army and the officers at one billeting cantonment were determined to have everything up to the mark, though satisfied his quick vision would find something they had overlooked. He was to be there at three o'clock or later. Everybody was to "stand to" from that time until after the inspection was finished, whenever that might be.

On duty that day was a sentry who was reliable but slow. He was in front of headquarters while the guard, befitting the visitor's rank, waited "at rest" on a nearby bench where they could instantly be galvanized into attention.

"Do you know the general by sight?" asked the officer of the day.

The guard did not. He knew the general only by reputation.

"He will come up in an automobile and there will be a badge with stars on the windshield," explained another officer.

"Yes, sir," said the sentry.

"And the minute you see that automobile stop, you give the order, 'Turn out the guard!' Do you understand?" said the officer of the day.

"Yes, sir," said the sentry.

The sentry walked back and forth and waited for three o'clock. The clock in the village church showed 3, then 3:30, then 4, then 4:15, and the sentry was wondering whether he could coax the cook into "seconds" on the helpings of jam that night. Around the corner whirled an automobile, came to a sudden stop and an alert officer stepped out. The sentry saluted, for he was a stickler for saluting. He stood rigid as the officer with a quick glance around stepped over to him.

"Where is the guard?" he asked.

"The guard?" echoed the sentry, who had never before spoken to such a high ranking officer.

"The guard?" he repeated as visions of jam faded before the realities of stars which he glimpsed on the windshield.

"The guard, sir," he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, sir. You're the officer who was going to be here at three o'clock!"

GIRL IS COLONEL OF THE BOY SCOUTS



Pauline Henkel is colonel of the United States Boy Scouts and the only one of her sex to be made a member of that organization.

IN A YEAR

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR of the Vigilantes.

What has a twelvemonth wrought in us? Ask of those eyes that strain

For a last look at the homeland from the windows of the train;
Search to the sacred uttermost the meaning of those eyes,
For they have learned from Calvary the soul of sacrifice.

Ask of the women and the men who put their dreams away

To glory in stern drudgery—yes, ask of those who stay!

What has a twelvemonth wrought in us? Ask your own heart and mind

What selfless hopes are strong in you, what dross is left behind?

Though They may bend, though They may break the line we hold so well,

Though guns may carry miles untold their devil-driven shell,

The strength which has been born to us in this, the world's red night,

Will carry through the pit of hell and up to Heaven's light!

CALL MARINES "DEVIL DOGS"

Soldiers of Sea Proud of Title Conferred on Them by Germans.

That time-honored nickname borne by the United States marines for generations—"leathernecks"—is no more! At least, the Germans have abandoned it, according to reports from France.

In its place the Teutons have handed the sea-soldiers one with far more meaning. They call the American scrappers "teufel hunden," which, in English, means "devil dogs."

"Gee, those guys rank us with the 'Ladies from Hell,'" declared a grizzled old marine sergeant, swelling with pride, when he heard the new title.

The Housewife and the War

(Special Information Service, United States Department of Agriculture.)

PLAN YOUR MEALS FOR A WEEK



With Her Meals Scheduled, the Housewife's Saturday Market Basket Can Bring Food for a Week, Except Some Perishables.

PLANNING MENUS WEEK IN ADVANCE

Satisfactory Answer to Question "What Shall I Have for Dinner?"

MAKE FEWER MARKET TRIPS

Definite Schedule Will Be Great Help in Avoiding Waste—Meals Suggested to Meet Food Administration's Requirements.

It will pay you, Mrs. Housekeeper, to sit down for an hour each week and spend the time in planning your week's menus in advance. Especially at this time when all are striving to conserve food, you will find a definite schedule a great help in avoiding waste.

Here are some menus for a week from a woman who believes in a working schedule for her household. The meals are carefully planned to meet, first of all, the food administration's requirements, using substitutes for wheat, meat, fat, and sugar, and they show also how a little careful planning can save the time and labor of the busy housewife. Features of the menus are the breadless meals and "quick breads" (muffins, etc.) made from other grains to save wheat, and the use of meat substitutes and savory dishes which call for little meat.

The meals suggested are all simple and are planned to meet the needs of a family of four, consisting of two adults and two children. None of the menus are inflexible but could easily be varied to meet changing conditions. You can use these as guides in planning your family meals.

The recipes for most of the dishes given in the accompanying menus are published in the United States Food Leaflets of the United States department of agriculture and the food administration.

A WEEK'S MEALS FOR FOUR

SUNDAY. Breakfast. Stewed dried apricots Coddish balls Hot wheat and oatmeal, rolls and butter Coffee for adults Milk for children Luncheon or Supper. Cheese sandwiches Stuffed dates Hot cocoa Dinner. Chicken loaf with gravy Buttered carrots Steamed rice Celery Oatmeal bread (homemade) Fruit gelatin	MONDAY. Breakfast. Stewed prunes Hominy grits with milk Barley biscuit and marmalade Coffee or milk Luncheon or Supper. Cold chicken loaf Corn pone and butter Hot cocoa Marmalade Dinner. Hot pie of mutton and barley Cold slaw Stuffed potatoes Apricot hominy scallop	TUESDAY. Breakfast. Rhubarb sauce Creamed eggs on toasted oatmeal bread Coffee or milk Luncheon or Supper. Creamed peanuts and rice Baked apples Oatmeal cookies Tea or milk Dinner. Chicken soup Bean loaf Tomato sauce Butter Green onions and lettuce Baked potato Chocolate tapioca	WEDNESDAY. Breakfast. Baked apples Creamed dried beef Cornmeal muffins Coffee or milk Luncheon or Supper. Cream of tomato soup Toasted corn muffins Oatmeal pudding Dinner. Pot roast of beef Browned potatoes and gravy Pickled beets Buttered carrots Cornstarch mold served with canned peaches	THURSDAY. Breakfast. Corn flakes with canned peaches and top milk Fried beef liver Barley muffins Coffee or milk Luncheon or Supper. Split pea soup and crackers Baked bananas with raisin sauce Cornmeal cookies Dinner. Pot roast of beef (reheated) Steamed tomatoes Boiled potatoes Baked onions Lettuce and cottage cheese salad Apple scallop Coffee, tea or milk	FRIDAY. Breakfast. Hominy grits with milk Soft-cooked eggs Toasted victory bread Coffee or milk Luncheon or Supper. Kidney bean stew Corn dodgers Apple butter Tea or milk Dinner. Scalloped fish Steamed tomatoes Boiled potatoes Mixed vegetable salad Steamed raisin pudding with sauce	SATURDAY. Breakfast. Baked apples Oatmeal Coffee or milk Luncheon or Supper. Smoked fish with tomato sauce Baked potato Apple sauce Scotch oat crackers Dinner. Shepherd's pie with potato crust Canned corn Green beans Corn and wheat rolls Butter Canned fruit Tea or milk
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